

# I'd Buy That For A Dollar

Volume I, Issue #12 April, 1999



***Chortle Snicker From The Editor:***

I got quite a bit of reader response on this last issue, which I was happy enough about considering I was beginning to think the Ramen City Kid was only person reading (which reminds me, your thank you card is in the mail tough guy). A lot of people thought that last issue was too depressing. A lot of people thought it wasn't depressing enough. A lot of people wondered who the guy on the back cover was. A lot of people wished I would stop shoving some stapled & xeroxed papers into their faces every so often.

Boy, are you guys all gonna hate me now.

This issue came about in a most unusual way. Normally when I'm putting together a new 'zine I pretty much put everything else in my life on hold & give all of my attention to getting that 1 issue done. That's just the way I work for some reason. I don't claim to have the best method (or even 1 that works very well) but it gets the job done & I seem to have fun doing it, so all it all, score 1 for me.

This time, however, I started keeping my journal again. This is odd. The "Journal Phenomena" in my life always happens @ weird times & is never consistent or continuous for every long, & they always happen @ times when I'm going through some sort of emotional drama or something. It's been happening ever since High School & I always end up saving the Journal stuff I write religiously until it gets burnt in some fire or something.

Well, when I got to the end of the last issue & went to print it, I sat down & began to try & figure out what to do for the next issue. I sat down & read all this stuff that I had half started or partially finished, & finally I got to the journal stuff. When I got to that, I found some of the most revealing, intimate, & fucked up text I have ever read in my life. This came from me? How? When did I write this?

A lot of it read like stuff I write for this anyway, so I decided to prepare that stuff for the this issue anyway. But the rest was so naked & so personal that it really felt like I was opening some sort of door to myself when I read it. Normally I want to run screaming from anything *that* personal. This time I didn't mind it so much. Maybe if I shared this with people I could open some of those same doors for them. Who knows?

So that's the story behind the bulk of the text for this issue. It was all written during yet another 1 of my nervous breakdowns. I've tried my hardest to make all of this stuff as anonymous as possible (this is a heavily edited version of the original hand-written texts). If you recognize yourself in here, too bad. I don't want to offend but @ the same time it really isn't my fault.

The rest of this was stuff I had hoped to fit into the last few issues but never did. From the top:

The KARP stuff was written on 2 separate occasions, as can be evidenced by the way it's broken up. I plan to put a KARP piece in all future issues if space allows, so if you hate this piece then you may want to stop reading this magazine from here on out.

The 15 Minute Thingy was this really bad idea I had (aren't they all?). I was going to do this series of pieces that were all conceived & written in 15 minutes as some sort of writing experiment. I don't remember exactly what I planned to prove or accomplish with this, but I got as far as the first 1 & then started keeping my journal again. Oh well. Not everything is meant to be successful.

I've been meaning to put the Fantômas review in here for some time now. I just never had the space until now.

The Bitch Article: It's a joke! It's funny! I swear! It's supposed to be funny, so please don't write me & tell me I'm an asshole. Really. Laugh. It will make you feel better, honest. Really, it's funny if you think about it. I'm not kidding. If you can't take a joke, what are you doing living in the first place?

The correct spelling on Blitzhäus is Blitzhäus, not Blitzhíus. The computer fucked up when it printed everything. I'm just too lazy to do anything about it. The same goes for Fantômas, which is the



correct spelling, as apposed to Fantēmas, which is not.

Other Junk I Want To Address:

The mailing list. Just send me your address & you're on it, & you receive each new issue of this publication as they are publised! Promise me that you will try to send me money & I will promise to send you each new issue. Those who have paid in the past will get top priority, on down the list. Send your address & a little note saying, "Hi," to: P.O. Box 10502, Eugene, OR, 97440. It's that easy.

I am continuing to accept contributions for the cassette comp. I've been working on for many moons now. Anything is acceptable, from well produced studio quality material to lo fi boom box rock. Any style of music is welcome. Send your song & a bit about who you are to the address mentioned above. There will be a companion 'zine too, so don't delay!

**NOW AVAILABLE!**: CDs! Yes, A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing (that's us) is helping distribute an album by Neutered Prunes called "Rock 'N' Roll & Sauerkraut." This cd is a 12 song frolic through the tattered landscapes of Kiisu D'salys's mind as he copes with life in Reno, NV. Kiisu is the ex-vocalist of Cathead, who now exhibits a King Missile-ish approach to music with such hits as, "Who Shot Elvis," "War Ensemble (Down Home Mix)," the title track, "Rock 'N' Roll & Sauerkraut," and, "Cartoon Music For Criminals." The album is a good old fashioned romp through the world of modern cultural flotsam & jetsam. Don't delay! Order today! Supplies are limited. \$6 in advance, & that includes shipping & handling. What a bargain!

And, as always, tune in to The Church Of Blasphuphmus (Not Jesus) Hour with your host, Yet Another Pope Austin Rich, the man on the forefront of the Dork Rock movement. The show airs from 9 to 11 A.M. every Wednesday Morning on KWVA 88.1 F.M. in beautiful Eugene, OR. Be the first on your block to risk life & limb (and sleep) to find out what the Dork Rock movement is up to. End of free plug.

I hope you all enjoy this little stroll through the inner workings of my mind. It's been fun for me... or, @ least, it was fun to put together. Thanks.

--G.M. 3/15/99

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All text & graphic layouts, cover arrangements, text compositions & Collage Material throughout by G.M. Cover photos by Austin Rich. KARP & Tight Bros. covers by the bands. "Kelly's Party" photo by Cori. Fantōmas photos downloaded by Captain Morgan (check out the Web Sites for photo credits). G.M. Photo: Austin Rich (I believe).

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***Special Thanks To:*** Becca, "Angry Man" Josh for the hat & bag, Cori, Damien, Sabrina, Sabrina The Teenage Witch, The Tobe-a-dellie Relic, Brandy, Brian Who Is Called Brian, Kiisu, The Rest of The Blitzhäus Party Crew, The Film Crew & Their Leader Seth, ...*And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead* for recording the best album to ever be released in the history of ever EVER!, Kelly Varicoaster, Varicoaster Chris & his Party Crew in England, Lyra for all those god damn letters you sent, The Ramen City Kid, Justin, Karly Buck Kyle & Mom, & anyone else I forgot this time.

Submissions / Back Issue Requests (1 - 5, 7 - 11 still available) / Mailing List Additions / Old 45 Grave or Damned albums you have no need of should be sent to:

*I'd Buy That For A Dollar c/o A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing P.O. Box 10502 Eugene, OR 97440*

All letters will be answered (sooner or later).



Nothing is more thrilling than discovering a new band, something completely and totally beyond all that you thought music could be. Realizing that that band is KARP, quite possibly the only band that takes all the shit about music that people hate and tosses it out the window, is like that thrilling experience, except you get to go to a monster truck rally afterward.

There really are no words to describe my love of KARP. Maybe they are the greatest band to ever live and I just don't know how to say that without sounding dumb. Whatever the case, they are definately a band with an ear for what went wrong with metal, and how to fix it.

The trio (Scott: Drums; Jared: Bass & Vocals; Chris: Guitar & Vocals) hail from Tumwater Washington, something they seem to be proud of to one degree or another (an early single of their's sports a picture of the Tumwater T-Birds Football team, with their heads super-imposed over some of the players). Many singles & 3 albums later, they are still the undisputed champions of rock 'n' fucking' roll, leveling the playing field and leaving no other band within reach in terms of volume or destructive power.

(A good indicator of a bands greatness in my mind: you can't tell which distorted bass-heavy sound is the guitar and which is the bass.)

Faith No More? No Way! Metal is for kids compared to the power of this stuff. Slayer come to mind when discussing their music in terms of forces of nature, but whereas Slayer is rapid fire and leaves you before you're done getting amped up, KARP is busy deconstructing the common held belief that it can't rock if it ain't fast. The builds on some songs can last for minutes before reaching the breaking

**KARP**

"Prison Shake" B/W "Rowdy"

**TIGHT  
BROS**

from way back when

"TAKE YOU HIGHER!"



point, and even then take twice as long to reach an entropic state of fade-out feedback.

Their music is powerful, to say the least, and I for one have felt the urge to act on those primal impulses while wandering the humble streets of Eugene with my walkman on (I cannot stress how good these guys are!). But rumor has it that the denziens of destruction may have broken-up. Strange, considering their newest album just came out not too long ago (Self-Titled LP). Even more recent than that is their newest single which gets back to what rock 'n' roll is all about: skulls! As this fan gets more information, I will be sure to inform the trusty reader. In the meantime, I'm going to listen to, "The Plumbing Game," a few hundred times more.

# LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I'M HAVING MY PERIOD."

KARP Update

by G.M.

[Here's What's Gone Down Since I Last Wrote About KARP.]

Well, the results are in: KARP is no more. The rumor has been confirmed by many reliable sources, though the exact details of why they broke up seem to be inappropriate to write about until I see them actually confirmed by a member of the band. I don't really know what to do with my life now. I feel lost and confused. I'm temporarily filling the void with GodheadSilo, but it's not quite the same. They don't rip off lyrics and guitar lines the way KARP could, and they don't sing about wresting and satan and stuff the way KARP used to. Fortunately there are some single and compilations they are on that I don't have, so I can hopefully use that to trick myself into thinking I have a reason to live (the new Live Yo Yo comp has a live version of a song off, "Self-Titled LP," so all is not lost).

There is hope for KARP fans. A friend of mine told me that Jared has a new project called Federation X. I don't know anything about this but I will definately give updates on them as I find out more on this sure-to-be-ass-kickin' project of his.

In the meantime, there is a fairly recent single released that Jared appears on (boy, he is a busy man) called, "Take You Higher!" by The Tight Bros From Way Back When. The remainder of the group consists of members of Behead The Prophet No Lord Shall Live and contains four songs released through Ten-In-One Records. The music is so close to AC/DC it is scary. The musicianship is astounding and I for one can not listen to it without throwing the horns. If you need to fill your KARP fix, the single really does the job. Check it out.

I plan to review more rare KARP releases and do a bit about them every chance I can, so if you have old KARP interviews or stuff lying around that you'd like to see in here, send it my way. Next issue I will try to review the, "Freighty Cat," single.



12/26/98. 9:09 P.M. Work.

I wonder what it must be like to be content? Content in that way where you don't think things can get any better, and that everything is going smoothly. I can't understand that. There is always friction. Always something that needs to be done. Improved upon. Content should not exist. Contentment is a false security. I cannot imagine thinking everything in my life is okay. It isn't. It never is. There is so much stuff to do... that needs to get done. They sure aren't gonna do it for me.

I think it's funny when people say, "I just don't know what to do with my time." (Pause.) (12/28/98. 3:42 A.M. Blitzhius.) I wish I could say that. If you seem to have all of this time with nothing to do, why don't you get a second job & give me the money from it so I can have more "free" time to do all this other shit that, because of my fucking job, never gets done.

Sometimes I fucking hate people.

### '80's Music

I will never, until my dying day, understand '80's music. Here it is, the absolute most depressing decade of my life that produced some of the absolute most depressing music of all time, and every single person I know has some sort of obsession with keeping this stuff alive. There is not an '80's song that exists that I haven't heard or know the words to. I can't name a single one of them, not the title or the band, but for You I will try. I will go to the bar every single week and will try to learn the names of all those songs that drive me insane. But I will still hate them all.

'80's Highlights That I Remember: Reagan Get's Elected; Lennon Gets Shot; John Hugh's Movies; My Parents Get Divorced; I Loose All My Friends Moving To Cottage Grove; I Make Two In CG To Balance It Out; I Notice Girls For The First Time; They Don't Even Notice Me; I Learn To Attach Emotion To Music For The First Time When I Go To Some Dance Function And No One Will Talk To Me; School Bullies Beat The Shit Out Of Me For Fun; I Get Suspended For Trying (And Failing) To Fight Back; Life Goes On.

I don't remember everything about the '80's, but in a way I don't want to. Too much of it hurts. Too much of it makes me want to cry. The only connection are those fucking songs. They were always there, running in the background, framing every miserable moment of my life spanning from Jan. 1st, 1980 to Dec. 31st, 1989. I will go to the bar. I will watch You dance. I will talk to You and I will say, "Hey, I know this song," while I do.

As the words from the song go in through one ear and out the other I will blink long enough to cry for ten years, and when I'm done I'll open my eyes and watch you trying to figure out what's wrong with me. I can't even say for sure. Why do I torture myself? I try to drink my way to finding the answer, even though I already know it.

### YOU:

I've memorized every detail of you so well that I can close my eyes when you aren't there and see you as often as I want. I recognize you from behind, from the sides, above or below. I watch you smile, frown, laugh, cry and yell in every single outfit you've ever worn. When I close my eyes we can look at each other and neither of us will turn away from embarrassment. I watch you walk or sit or dance, and when I'm done watching you I open my eyes & stare into the night outside my window. I sigh & turn the tape over. Maybe Rites Of Spring will make me feel better.

You confuse me in a way that I thrive on. What do you mean when you say this? Is that look on your face a message? Why did you call me at THIS SPECIFIC TIME? What are you saying between the lines? I think when we bond on a song that I know everything about you in the most intimate



way. But the next day I wonder if I was imagining it. Maybe I just thought I understood. I don't know.

I want to scream. For every moment I don't see you I want to see you more and more. I want you to understand all of these things about me that make me ME, so I cram my entire record collection into 3 hours and tell you every embarrassing thing I remember about myself. I think you laughed at the stories and like the tapes.

#### WHAT DOES IT MEAN!

I spend a few more minutes watching you with my eyes closed & hope & pray you will call me soon. I cringe remembering the last week. I have to work in 8 hours, so I say goodnight to you & pray for some decent sleep before then. I miss holding you so fucking badly.

12/28/98. 4:30 P.M. Work.

This last week has driven me to the breaking point. I've gotten so little sleep (thank you Justin & Bourbon) recently I can barely keep my eyes open. But I must maintain. That line from Fear & Loathing springs to mind: "How long can we maintain?" I guess I'll find out.

Half asleep this morning I was on the bus going to work dressed in my normal shirt-slacks-tie-hat outfit, listening to the soundtrack for Decline... of Western Civilization, one of the greatest pieces of music ever made, and this girl got on the bus. She was amazing. Black dyed hair, ripped jeans, t-shirt, coat, dog collar. She had this look in her face that called to me. The embodiment of sexy. I imagined us talking & hanging out, us kissing and holding each other. I couldn't get my eyes off of her. I felt strongly compelled to her.

I'm normally scared to death of girls, but if I'm attached (or think I am) I see them everywhere. All of these attractive women walking around in the best outfits and their nicest glasses, shopping, driving, looking for something. I want it to be me, but that's never the case. My secret life as a normal person comes far to into play concerning that. One glance at me in my normal garb and they never look my way again.

As I was running all these various sex scenarios with me and this girl in my mind and trying to figure out what to say to her, this really large woman sandwiched herself between me & this other guy, and the bus was packed to the gills so I had no choice but to let this person push me up against the edge of the seat and completely obstruct my view of this gorgeous girl. (Pause.) (9:45 P.M. Bar.) That pissed me off, but what could I do? I turned Decline up. "Some people give me the creeps!"

The bus pulls into Gateway Mall and I watch everyone pile toward the door, including the large woman. I wait patiently for everyone to get off so as to not get run over by the herd, and as I'm moving toward the door I see the sexy girl, and this time our eyes lock. It was weird. This was no ordinary eye contact. I couldn't look away, and she was watching me in the exact same way I had watched her before.

This never happens to me, and it was weird to think that this girl under these circumstances was now looking at me. I think I froze.

Finally, she looked away and got off the bus. She sat down and lit a cigarette as I stepped off. I fumbled dumbly in my pocket for a cigarette in this really awkward way, and after I finally got mine lit our eyes met again in that way. I felt really uncomfortable.

A second passed and this time I broke away and trudged to work. So fucking tired. What would I have said?

I've spent the whole day thinking about her. Even as I write this I'm so tired I can barely hold a pen, but I can't get her out of my mind. I don't even remember what she looks like now. I must be having some sort of breakdown.

I ate some more unhealthy food today. Cholesterol burgers & fat soaked teriyaki chicken. Every day I tell myself I will eat a decent meal, and when I get to work all I can think about is greasy BBQ Bacon burgers soaked in heart-attack juice. I eat them and I can actually feel these



pangs in my chest that hurt quite a bit, and for some reason I smile when I get that feeling. I think my brain is miswired somewhere. But every day I do it again, even when I tell myself not to.

1/1/99. 8:40 P.M. Blitzhius.

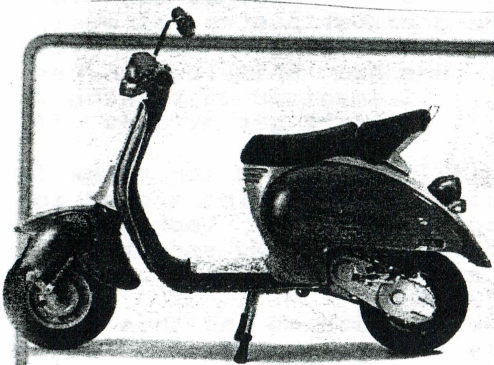
Daniel Johnston on the stereo. I seem to relate to music better if crazy people had their hands in it. Strange but true. I wonder what that says about the fact that I like it to begin with. Hmmm. New Year's Eve last night. There's been something in the air lately because I've had far too much sexual energy.

10:45 A.M. 1/2/99. Blitzhius.

Woke up & showered. I feel kind of shitty. Yet another night of poor sleep. I haven't slept well in about what seems like 10 years now. I'm beginning to wonder if I ever will.

2:46 A.M. 1/3/99. Blitzhius.

Daniel Johnston on the stereo. This album is becoming more and more personal with me. I miss it when I'm not listening to it. I worry about myself sometimes.



DITTO.

TAN to HOME!

THINGS  
THAT LOOK  
TECHNO  
ALWAYS  
GARNER  
NODS OF  
APPROVAL.

15 Minute Session #1

(Written In 15 Minutes by G.M.)

I roam the house again to see if any roommates have returned or woke up, but The Ramen City Kid is still asleep & no one else has come home yet. I think for a second that I should wake him up. He did say he had a lot of homework to do. But he needs to sleep too. I go back to the living room & Sightings is still on.

Maybe I should brush my teeth. It's not like I do THAT every day.

It used to be that there was a party here every day. Drinking normally started at 8 (or whenever the first Simpsons is on) and people started going to bed at about 3, regardless of who had to work early the next day. But those days seem to have faded away. Instead of every night, it's down to one day a week, at best.

I don't miss it as much as I think I do. It's not like I need to be drinking every night. But I'm finding more and more that too much time alone can cause a little too much introspection. That's one thing I definately don't need more of. Not these days, anyway.

I hear the door slam, followed by voices. Salvation!



1:55 P.M. 1/3/99. Laundromat.

Slept in today. It felt good. I still feel shitty, but I don't care to much really. Made some coffee. The lifeblood. I have a symbiotic relationship with that stuff. I feel confused & disoriented and lost without it, but I can never remember what I'm missing until I finally get some coffee in me. Then it's like everything snaps into place. Gears finally touch & mesh. Oh yeah, coffee. Without me to drink it, coffee only exists in the abstract, in a theoretical sense.

Doing laundry. I haven't done laundry in a while, and my wardrobe was starting to hurt because of it. I have never been too big on doing laundry. But when I do do it, I get the urge to write. Something about this place is inspiring in a sick and postmodern way. Maybe my avoidance of the task has more to do with not writing? Hmmm.

New Year's Day: I spent most of the day recovering from the Old Crow. I still didn't have a hangover, but I didn't feel much like doing anything. I didn't resolve anything this time (I've decided that it really isn't a productive way to invoke change), but I had decided that '99 was going to be better than '98 (which was better than '97 by a longshot, but still not that great of a year all in all).

I started making these tapes for Captain Morgan (Best for Ween, Crispin Glover's solo album, & some Daniel Johnston & King Missile to round it all out). I hope he likes it.

1:00 A.M. 1/4/99. Blitzhuz (Still.)

Why is it that every fucking girl I have a crush on (or that has a crush on me) like '80's music? It must be some sort of conspiracy.

The day before yesterday I had to work, and work served no useful function whatsoever save for the fact that I got paid & came up with more ideas for how I will change the bookstore when I take over the world.

First off, I will set up a booth inside the bookstore. Seated at the booth will be a large burly person of some kind. The booth will be set in the wall, and behind the booth will be a hall that leads to a small room with many beds & a set of double doors that only open from the inside. There will be a nurse in the booth as well, and there will be a door that leads into the booth. (Oh, and above the double doors in the room with beds there will be a sign that says, "Food Court," with arrows pointing down to the double doors.)

When a customer comes up to any employee with a really dumb request or question, the employee will direct them to the booth. The person will then explain to the guy in the booth why they were sent to the booth. They guy in the booth then rates the annoyance level of the customers question or request. For a question like, "Where can I find such-and-such fiction author," the guy will say something like, "Okay, if you cannot find the clearly labeled fiction section on your own, nor actually come to terms with the filing system known as alphabetical, might I suggest you try the board books for 4-year-olds instead?" If the customer says, "Where are your calendars?" after walking past the 50 large signs that all read, "Calendars," then he will say, "I'm sorry, we don't carry calendars. Please leave now before you ask another dumb question."

For really serious offenses though, he starts to employ serious punishments. Example: "Hi, yes, finally! I've been waiting in this line for 1 whole minute behind those people who where here way before me and have been waiting much longer than me and you still didn't help me first. Anyway, I bought this ripped up book that's been in the back of my car for three years now at your competitor's store and they never gave me a receipt, and aside from all of those things that I know are not grounds for a return of any kind, I demand that you give me cash back for it now!" The punishment would go something like this: "Yes, I see. Why don't you step in here and I'll take care of that for you." The customer would then step into the booth, the guy would then deck the customer so hard they will fall

unconscious, at which point the nurse would carry the customer to one of the beds in the aforementioned room. When the customer wakes up, they are then free to leave through the doors to the, "Food Court." After enough times they will eventually learn to stop asking stupid questions.

I am very tired. I have decided that it is probably pointless to think I will ever have a functional relationship again. Saves me from getting my hopes up. Sigh. Sleep... I must sleep.

11:32 A.M. 1/4/99. Blitzh1us.

I had this dream this morning that was weird. I wasn't me, I was in the body of some convict who had been wrongfully jailed, and I had escaped with a bunch of people who were also wrongfully jailed. The prisoners were being transported via trains in third-world countries and we had been brought to this mess hall to eat. That's where we escaped. We took off into this forest of some sort and kept running. Eventually we realized we were being chased, so we made our way to these train tracks and everyone jumped on a train. The tracks were set below this ledge, and the gap was huge. I couldn't make the jump. Everyone was yelling for me, but the gap was too big and soon the train was passing me. The guards were still chasing me, so I kept running & running. At this point the dream skipped & I saw myself running toward this small restaurant off of this loading dock next to a set of train tracks. The guards were still chasing me, but I was so far ahead I was in no danger. I went inside the restaurant and there were the other convicts. They were all ordering food. They asked me to join them, so I ordered some food and followed them. I looked at my food and found out it was steamed rice with broccoli & some sort of brown sauce. It was then that I realized I had no clue what any of the people I was with looked like, so as I looked up to see them I noticed that the person at our table to my right was a girl, and suddenly I woke up.

I've pretty much given up searching for meaning in my dreams.

Back to the bookstore: the other idea for when I take over the world is a bit complicated. All children will be required to have an electronic chip implanted into their skulls. As the children age and their personalities develop, the chip will record each trait. Now, at the bookstore there will be sensors set into the doors. When a kid approaches the door the sensors will read the chip. If the sensor reads any annoying personality traits (like, say, if the child is prone to suddenly sitting down in the middle of the store while screaming as loud as it possibly can, or if the kid is prone to throwing books at clerks with precision aim), the door will put up a force field that prevents children like this from coming inside. Easy enough to deal with and of no harm to anyone. I toyed around with the idea of having the force field give off an electric shock, but I figured that would cost too much.

Embarrassing moment: last night I realized I have been masturbating so much lately that I actually have a friction burn. Wow. I really need to resolve this issue badly.

Party at Kelly's house! Andy puts on this video Jesse Ransom had of a bunch of skaters & bikers doing tricks & crashes and stuff. Really fuckin' cool shit. Someone puts a 40 of Pabst in my hands and says drink this. Everyone is having a great time. Now this is what I'm talking about!

I was watching the video and I'm pretty drunk at this point & out of nowhere Joel is on the screen. What?! Joel was this homeless guy who asked if he could stay at the Blitzh1us & crash on his couch. No, you did not misread that. He brought his own couch to crash on. Well, eventually he left, leaving his couch behind (funny how all of our furniture is acquired this way).

Eventually The Ramen City Kid & I named the couch the Sleepy Couch



because of it's tendency to put people to sleep after they touch it. We also started to notice how whenever we are not at home we have some sort of nagging feeling that we should go back & sit on the Sleepy Couch. We've deduced that the Sleepy Couch is alive and allows The Ramen City Kid and I to meld minds, because lately we have been thinking, acting & talking in much the same manner. Weird.

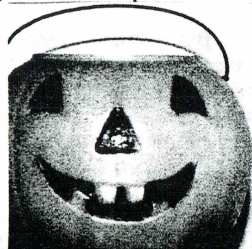
Anyway, I got really excited when I saw Joel & started screaming, "Arug! Sleepy Couch! That's The Guy! Joel! What The Fuck! Arug!" Everyone thought I was nuts (even after I explained it) except for The Ramen City Kid, but he was so drunk that he just muttered in Polish (or maybe Hungarian, I don't know) and kept on talking to Kelly.

Finally Kelly told us all to leave. Me, The Ramen City Kid, Cori & Dave/Rat headed out through the cold in a drunken stupor. I was sad to leave. I had reached this weird comfort zone where I was just drunk enough & having a great time and I didn't want the night to end. It seemed so much more fun than the night's of loneliness & boredom. (Pause.)



### Kelly's Party.

The Ramen City Kid (Left) is explaining something to Kelly about Romanians. Ye 'Ol Editor Is Drunk Off His Ass on the Right. Photo By Cori.



# DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR

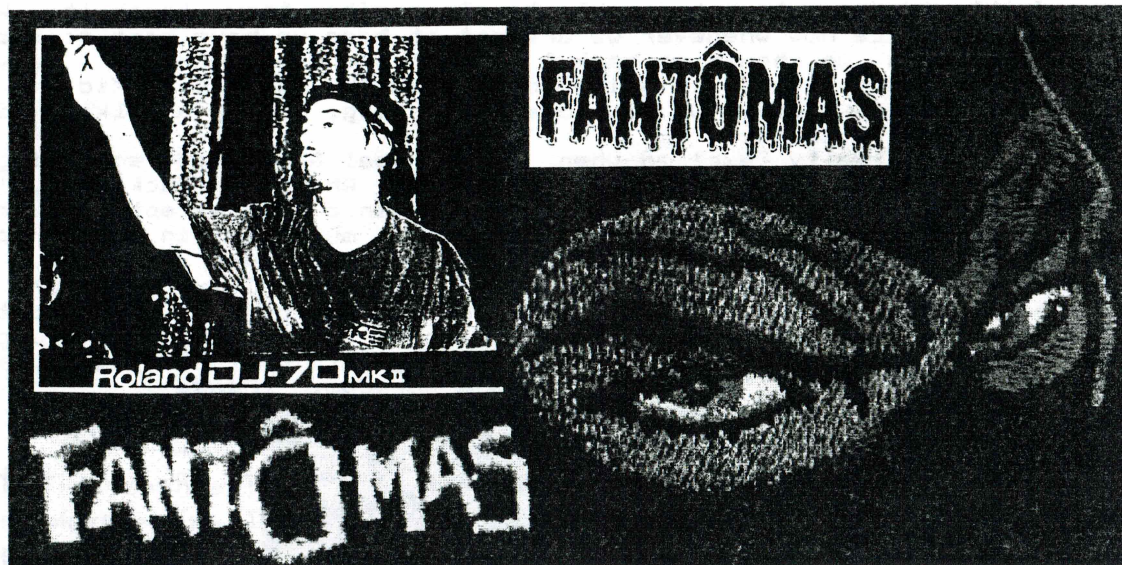
# NOW

(9:35 P.M. Food Court... Waiting For The Bus.) I just saw some graffiti in the bathroom that said, "I need to get laid." I wonder who wrote that? Seems an odd thing to write on a wall in a bathroom. Of course you need to get laid! You have enough spare time to talk about it! Of Course that's what I do, but that's different.

Dumb idea: a cover band called Exclamation Point & The Exactlies!

There's so much to write about. I feel like I need a place to dump all of my memories & stories before I forget them all. But a time & a place for all things, and right now my hand is cramping. "I must be strong, like Jean-Claude Van Damme."





Mike Patton Buzz Osbourne Dave Lombardo Trevor Dunn

By now you've probably already heard about the new super-group Fantômas, the only band bold enough to tour without an album. Comprised of Mike Patton on Vocals & Sound Effects, Buzz Osbourne on Guitar, Dave Lombardo on Drums (a 30-some piece drumset, no less) and Trevor Dunn on Bass, Fantômas is an amazing amalgamation of speed metal, opera, acid jazz and improvisation of the strangest kind. I got a chance to see them at the W.O.W. Hall on October 20th last year, and I must say that everything I had heard about them did not prepare me for what I saw that day.

First, a little background on the group. Mike Patton is the brain-child of this project, named after a character in a series of pre-World War I crime thriller novels. Apparently the character Fantômas was an anti-hero waging a losing battle against the bourgeois society by committing the most appalling crimes (gee... symbolic of someone's own music career?). Mike enlisted the members of Fantômas using a demo tape he had made with all of the music performed by himself, recorded in his home studio. A song on this demo, "Chariot Choogler," later appeared on Tzadik records Great Jewish Music CD, an album of T-Rex tributes and covers by various musicians. The demo was received well by Buzz, Dave & Trevor, and soon they began practicing and touring. Here's how the show went:

There was intense preparation on our part for the show that night. Myself, my friend Keith (up from Reno), Mystery Meat, Captain Morgan, Brian Who Is Called Brian & The Ramen City Kid all began drinking around 3 P.M. I believe (we would have started earlier, but I think there was some hold up and we had to wait). Around six or so we headed over to the W.O.W. for the pre-show wait. The crowd was intense. There were tons of people there, all of them waiting for the show two hours early. Captain Morgan had the foresight to bring a large quantity of "Squirt 'n' Brandy" and I do recall someone having some vodka floating around too. Eventually the doors opened and we all piled in, drunk off our asses. I drew Xs on my hands to make it



look like I was straight edge because I'm an asshole. I should have been killed but was, fortunately, spared.

The Pass Out Kings were fun. They kept on doing all this faux Satanic stuff like, "Hey, I sold my soul to Satan and I'm still fat and ugly and can't get a date." Good fun. Check them out if you like cheap speed punk with an entertaining stage show. I don't remember much else distinctive about them because, well, I was trashed.

Next up was Thresher. I'm not too into industrial or dark metal or that slow, churning, grinding, let's-drag-on-and-on-with-our-six-minuter-epics kind of music, but Thresher do put on a good stage show. They had these cool movie edits playing behind them and some pretty cool sound effects on their guitars. But unless you want to hear someone do a Tool knockoff two songs past when they should have gotten off the stage, try and avoid these guys in the future.

And then, the main event. We had decided that we were not going to miss this for the world, and after Thresher we moved up close to the stage. This turned out to be a bad move because from our position we were now underneath the drum symbols that hung over the edge of the stage. Try sticking your head in a metal bell and have a friend ring it. You'll get a feel for what it sounded like during the set.

The band set up the stage themselves, which I thought was cool. I was really surprised at how normal they all looked. Buzz with his fucked up hair that has become his trademark was the oddest one on stage. The rest looked like they were on their way to play in a company softball game.

I can't even begin to describe what it sounded like. It was literally a series of soundscapes, each one consisting of chunks of various styles and kinds of music bent around each other to create the final product. It was very clear that this was precise music, and Mike was actually conducting the entire production with hand gestures and eye contact. Everyone was watching him for cues and changes. It was almost like an orchestra.

The only problem with the show were the assholes (as always). [Me going off... you may want to skip it if you think I'm a jerk.] The show was booked as a "Heavy Metal" show, and at first glance you would think so, considering who is in the band and the line-up and so on. The only reason I had somewhat of a clue as far as what to expect was because I like strange kind of music. Most of my home-made tapes are pretty unlistenable by most of my friends standards. I had been to the web sites and heard about this stuff from my friends. We went knowing this was going to be some sort of extreme avant-guard show. We were into it. We knew that you

Fatemas Live Photos Provided by Captain Morgan, Who Stole Them From The Internet. Check out the Sites. Check Full Of Info.



DJ-70MKII

CP1998 russell flecher



don't dance to this kind of music, you just listen. The other people at the show--the people who thought it was going to be a Slayer / Faith No More / Melvins show--were really disappointed that you couldn't mosh to this stuff, and started doing that anyway. Now, not to say that the way a person should act at a show should be dictated by an arbitrary set of rules that I make up, but come on! I rule! I may have been drunk off my ass and, true, I may have mocked someone's personal beliefs, but I'm aloud to be a jerk and they aren't. Bottom line. What's worse? Physical harm or mental mischief? I contend that it's whichever makes me right. [End of me going off.]

Anyway, it was tough to really get into the show at first with all these dicks around, & I think the band felt the same way because the first few songs were lacking oomph. But after a while they started to build momentum and I started to ignore the shitheads. All in all, a great show to have attended. Afterward we all went our separate ways to let our ears ring for days on end.

I would recommend the show to anyone who has the least bit interest in something different. These guys are skilled musicians with an incredible ability to execute hair-pin turns in timing and style. The music itself is fun to listen to in that cartoon / movie soundtrack way, and it really challenges you to put it in a context that's important to the listener and the player as well. Post-modern avant-guard futurist and deconstructionist may be what you would "officially" classify it as, but for me it was just a good time. Look out for their album due this spring if you can't catch them live. It's going to be well worth it.

\* \* \*

12:49 A.M. 1/6/99. Blitzhius.

I've been "off" all day. Must be something in the air. Nothing seems to be quite right today. I've had some kind of chemical imbalance. One moment I'm excited, next I'm depressed. Weird.

Embarrassing moment: I woke up at 10:30 to find out when I was supposed to be at work. 2 P.M. Okay. I was really tired, so I figured I'd go back to sleep. But first I decided to go out and see what the house was up to. I thought maybe the sun was out of something, so I threw on some pants (just pants, mind you) and deftly left the warm cave of my room.

It was very cold. I walked into the living room and sure enough the sun was out. I stepped into the dining room to look out the windows. After a bit I turned around to go into the kitchen and almost jumped out of my skin. Crystal was sitting in the nook eating something. What was she doing here? I was mostly naked and half asleep.

It turns out Brandy let her stay in her room. I quickly ducked back into my room & put some clothes on. I then made us some coffee and shot the shit with her until I had to go to work. So much for more sleep.

1/8/99. 12:26 A.M. Blitzhius.

Waiting...

I spent the whole day waiting for her to call. I am so fucking lame. An entire day blown. Jesus Fucking Christ. Finally she calls at 9. Too tired to do anything. Why do I do this to myself. They say they're gonna call me on such-and-such day. I blow everything off just for that. I set up this house of cards based on something that I don't even know if it will happen. Fuck! What is wrong with me?

Tried to watch Dead Alive but just couldn't get into it. I feel so despondent & detached. I can't really focus on anything. Arug! God I hate this. All I can think about is sex. Girls invade all of my thoughts, even when I'm trying to not think about them.

1/9/99. 2:37 A.M. Blitzhius.

Another day shot... blown because I suck and because I can't cope with



reality. The reality is that I really have no point in trying to start any kind of relationship with anyone because I am always let down. Foo, I hate.

11:41 A.M. Blitzhius.

Embarrassingly drunk last night... oh my god, I feel stupid. Chris is on a plane back to England now. I'm gonna miss that guy. He'll be back in June. Sigh.

9:40 P.M. Bus Stop.

Okay, so I've got a problem. I can't seem to just let things happen. I always try to set things up and when everything comes crashing down I don't know how to deal with it without getting depressed. There can't always be someone there every time I need someone to hold, or someone to listen to me, or even be there at all. I need to learn to just let things happen one step at a time.

I put too many expectations on people that I'm not even capable of fulfilling when the tables are turned. Expecting phone calls from people who have better things to do. Life is full of things that don't happen for one reason or another... it's my job to learn to make the things I can control become my main concern.

Most of my relationships have been long term, and I always want to approach new ones the same way. Every time I see her I just want to hold her and touch her and know that we both want this. I don't distinguish in my mind that I've only known her for a month or whatever and that freaks her out. I look at her like we've known each other for years. I talk to her like she's my best friend. I need to learn how to act around girls. Bottom line.

Yesterday I got my Izod tatoo with Chris & Kelly. All three of us have them now. I didn't think Chris would go through with it, but he did, and he loved it. Next he wants to get Rosie the riveter on his arm. Good choice.

Yet again I enjoyed getting my tatoo a lot. Almost too much. I wonder if this is normal? Captain Morgan came over and I drank some vodka. Went to the W.O.W. Hall for the first Varicoasters show since they got the new guitar & bass player. They were fun. I don't really like ska, but they really have good stage presence and really get the crowd going. Too many young kids though.

("How can you tell if there's a ska show at the W.O.W. Hall?")

"How?"

"Stoned 15-year-olds out front.")

Went home and ate a potato. Went to Kelly's house for the after-show party. Drank more Popov "wadka" (only the best in charcoal filtered faux-russian from Connecticut for me). Got too drunk. I always talk about how I'm not getting laid when I'm drunk. I need to stop that.

I need to stop focusing on all of that kind of stuff and focus more on what counts: music & writing. Those are things that will never let me down. Never.

Don't work tomorrow. I've got to get out of this habit of wasting my days off. I need to focus. More coffee. i'm starting '99 off poorly, but I have time. Things will work out.

1/10/99. 7:09 P.M. Blitzhius.

I always get paranoid whenever I watch T.V. by myself. I guess all those times I read 1984 are catching up with me. I think I'm being watched and tested and it really freaks me out. I wonder if other people feel like that too.

I hate sundays. They are so dull. Even if I have to work on sundays I feel really exhausted and burned out before the day starts. I can never finish anything on sunday. I start about 50 projects, but never finish anything. Sundays seem so useless sometimes.



1/11/99. 1:19 A.M. Blitzhius.

It's hard to put this in words. How can I verbalize this stuff? The emptiness that I don't even know how to fill. I call everyone I know and try to fill it with social engagements and opportunities to meet people. But will that put someone who will understand me in my arms? Will that person really care about what I think and feel? Will they understand when I say something that is important to me? Will they laugh or just nod and change the subject?

All of this stuff inside me no one seems to understand. When I cry listening to music do they know why? When I wander in the darkness for hours will they even ask why? Will they try to find out what I was looking for?

Will I ever find what I'm looking for?

I'm fighting my own body that begs for sleep. My eyes try to close on me and stop me from writing more. There's so much to do and I need more time. More time to get things done. More coffee? Drugs, maybe? Maybe things will come into focus if I sleep. We'll see.

1/11/99. 10:40 A.M. Blitzhius.

Had two weird dreams, or maybe one dream with two strange parts.

1: I'm in High School. I used to take a lot of one-man crusades in High School, standing for this and getting mad about that and whatnot. (Simpson's moment: "Don't worry Lisa, I used to believe in things when I was young too.") Anyway, in the dream I was upset about something, but this time I got my way. I won. The teacher that was wrong caved. It was weird. I didn't know what to do.

2: I was part of some group that was raising money for social programs and welfare or something. It had something to do with poor people and us raising money for them. I was some sort of social worker, not myself in the dream. I woke up, used the bathroom, and went back to bed. When my alarm went off a commercial for a volunteer welfare program was playing. Weird.

1/12/99. 8:20 P.M. Work.

I'm remembering how this whole "single" thing works again. I've been surprisingly productive the last few days. It's all coming back to me; so much time and no one to obsess over. No one to spend time with. No one to do anything with.

The patterns return rather quickly. I'm falling back into the same old habits. I was actually surprised how quickly everything came back to me. Sigh. Same old, same old. "Wake up, / go to work, / go to work, / stupid job. / You're trapped, / fight back. / Trapped in a sundial."

1/13/99 3:02 A.M. Blitzhius.

Fake Train will always be there. It will never leave. If I close my eyes I can leave this place and the only thing that exists is Fake Train. The words will always mean something and they will never take themselves back. They will never mean something else. They will never try to convince me that they never felt that way.

"Wait! / Don't Go! / Stay!"

Keith Keith Keith Keith Keith. Sigh. Everything sits on the back burner when he's in town. Finances drain into the red. Everything goes into utter chaos. I love it. I go ape shit. Give me more booze, less sleep. Fear & Loathing. That will solve everything.

1:33 A.M. 1/14/99. Blitzhius.

It sets in slowly. The tedious boredom. We try to create something, anything. We buy the booze and make phone calls and we sit and wait. It all comes back to waiting. Waiting for something we tried to construct actually come to fruition. Waiting for Godot.



Fuck it. We'll walk. We'll search this whole damn town if we have to. There will be something to do somewhere, even if we have to make it up ourselves.

Fuck it. We give up and come back. The TV's on but no one is really watching it. We don't even feel like talking to each other. What is there to say? Maybe next time, if we set the expectations lower. Each time it gets lower. They still don't call, they still don't call. They don't care in the least bit because if they did then maybe they would see how miserable we are too. Just like they are.

I hate the winter. The world seems so dead. Nothing seems worth it. My moods are so dependant on weather. At least when I'm at work I don't see the world outside. There is no weather in the Mall. There's nothing. No environment or atmosphere.

I think I'll just give up on girls completely. They don't ever really care about how I feel. All they care about is their happiness. They just want sex or beer or pot or whatever. Do they ever try to figure out if maybe I do things for a reason? That maybe I call them and make tapes for them and write about them because I care? They don't. They just want to know their lives are stable and happy. I never figure into the picture.

Fuck it. Daniel Johnston understands. Sleep is the refuge that saves me from this bullshit. Draws me into a world where they aren't selfish or uncaring. A fantasy world constructed for my use only.

9:40 P.M. 1/16/99. Bus Stop.

I had two crazy dreams this morning but for the life of me I can only remember one. In the dream I was this Jack-like character from Legend, and I went to this castle to see if I could stay there for the night. The person running the castle said it was okay, so as I went to go to sleep this girl that I had known for a really long time in the dream followed me to the bed. She was this amalgamation of a lot of platonic girls I know in real life. We tried to go to sleep but we started joking around, which soon turned into very physical sexual stuff. Kissing, petting, holding and the like. She suddenly stopped and told me she was a vampire and that she really wanted me but it couldn't happen unless I did all this stuff for her. After that I would be turned into a vampire too and we would be together forever. Without even thinking about it I went off to do these things.

At first I don't even remember what I did. I remember that it involved killing a lot of people and monsters and stuff. Finally I was done and by this time I had this army following me. We were on our way back to the castle and we were walking down this long wooden deck that was raised above this river. Hanging above us were these lights. They alternated, one light yellow, two lights green. All of the green ones were unscrewed enough to not work. As I was taking all of this in one of the guys in my army told me the girl was dead. Without thinking I began running down the deck jumping up to screw in all the green lightbulbs.

Suddenly I was at the castle and I went inside. I went to the room where she and I had been and there she was with a baby and another guy. She told me I had taken too long. I felt about three inches tall.

I left the room and stumbled into another room. There were these two guys in there. I was so depressed I just sat in the corner and watched them. One of them had a pipe. The other had this bag. As I watched them I realized I was now on a ship and not in a room. The first guy stuck his hand in the bag and pulled out this huge gooeey green glob of something. After he did this these little people stuck their heads out of the bag. The first guy put the goo on the pipe and began to suck it all in. After he did the ship slowly took on the look of the inside of the bag, and the second guy and I were gone. The first guy was surrounded by air bubbled inside of the green goo. He began to slowly suck them into the pipe. Then I woke up.



Strange shit. Reminds me of what acid was like.

There's more to write about, but I'm not in the mood. I'm already tired. The last few days are catching up with me. Sigh. Issue #11 is almost done.

\* \* \*

! Bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch.

by G.M. !

### Show Me A Woman Who Says She Hasn't Benefited From Being One And I'll Show You A Woman Who Cried Her Way Out Of A Speeding Ticket At Age 16

Yeah, you heard me.

I'm pissed off, aren't you? They get job promotions in a few weeks that took you years to get. They make more money than you. They practically get away with murder whereas you are reamed for any little thing you screw up (so, actually, that's not too bad, really). And, to top it all off, they control sex. Who do they think they are?

Yeah, that's right. You nailed it on the head. I'm a nice guy. A nice white male american. The worst kind, I know. I compliment women and try to be as nice as possible to them. Why? Because I respect them. Because I enjoy their company. Because I don't want to go to jail. Because maybe if I'm nice I'll get laid. But does that really make it worth it when they abuse their power to get whatever they want and I have to keep on being nice because I don't want to become a social pariah? I don't think so.

Before you get those typewriters fired up and start calling all of your friends, let me say something about the opposite sex. Yes, I've had my share of friction, but I also grew up with my mother, a very nice woman. Aside from a short period of time when I was young, stupid and angry (a dangerous combination), I have a wonderful relationship with her. I also have respect for my grandmothers, both amazing women who were still nice to me even when I was a shit. I have fond memories of almost all of my ex's (the one's I don't know who you are anyway) and I still think they are great people in general (see previous parenthetical note). I don't even hate my sister (god forbid).

In general I hold the female of the species in high regard, and not just because they touch my dick. They work hard and they enjoy themselves the same as anyone else does, and they look good doing it too. They're no different than me or anyone else (except physically, but that's something else entirely).

But enough of that hippy shit. I can go on like this until the cows come home. It still doesn't change the matter at hand.

Who DO they think they are?

When I was a kid they won out, hands down. How could they not when myself and every guy I know had it FOUNDED into their heads? The conditioning was so severe that if you asked a five-year-old in 1980 in my old neighborhood how to treat a girl, their eyes would de-focus and their mouths would move in a mechanical way that repeated, word for word, the entire 72 volume rule-book on how to treat girls:

1.) They get the bigger slice of cake.

2.) They get the nicer toys.

3.) In a fight of her word against your's, she will win no matter what, no questions asked, no matter what kind of supporting evidence you can produce to strengthen your case, you might as well just give up now kid because this is the way it's gonna be the rest of your life.

4.) Go out of your way to not do anything to upset them in any way.

5.) You get the idea.

The rules go on and on. Where did they come from? Our parents, of course. Parents who were well meaning, but short-sighted in seeing that,



though instilling their kids with a sense of right is good, warping their view of males and females for their entire lives is not what is generally considered healthy. How can I not get mad when, just because guys in general treat women like they are scum found on a toilet seat at a gas station, I now have to be shat on to make up for this? It's bullshit. It doesn't work for any other group that tries to pull that shit and it's not gonna work for them if I have anything to do with it.

Picture this: I'm a very horny teenager who has yet to really figure out anything about girls at all. I just know that I really like the way they look, especially the really curvy ones. I just spent my life hearing about how evil I am for wanting to have sex with a girl (especially if I happen to want to have sex with curvy one's over other, less curvy ones) and how pristine and pure women are even if they express the same interests. I was raised by a TV just like all good kids of the '80's, so I was bombarded with side-by-side images of guys being "dorks" for not having dates and guys being considered assholes from wanting them. It's all very clear now why I didn't have sex until I was 20.

What I want to know is who set this up? Who's sick and twisted fantasy is it to pit man and woman against each other in some sort of deranged political war? I'd really like to know so I can kick that person in the crotch (because that, my friends, contrary to popular belief, hurts for both genders). It was hard enough to live with the fact that, at any given time, the girl has total control over every aspect of any relationship I ever have with them, but learning to live with the, "Every bit of friction that arises is automatically your fault because women are never wrong," bullshit is something I am just not going to stand for anymore.

The most common place all of us have to deal with all of this is, of course, the everyday relationship. This is the one place that we most commonly see the woman use her upper hand in every way because there is no risk. The only thing she can loose from this relationship is the partner and she can get another one at any time. Guys can't say that as easy because, unless they're assholes, they have to wait for the woman.

Example: Let's say you're with a girl. You're hanging out and you get the feeling that things might get on the physical side soon. You're nervous. You're tense. You don't want to screw things up because you really like this girl and you don't want her to think you're a jerk. So what do you do? Well, if you are the average nice guy like me, you have to fuckin' wait. You wait until she gives you a painfully obvious sign that she is thinking the same thing you are (like, for example, she sticks her hand down your pants), in which case you calmly move in for a milder version of what she just did in case you're misunderstanding her. Most of the time she gets pissed off and asks you to leave because you're too dense. If she's feeling particularly nice that evening, she can let you continue this painfully slow ritual until you either pass out from being a little too "excited," or she let's you score (and at this point it's been a few days, so it's VERY worth it).

The reason this has to happen this way is because the moment you assume the physical gesture you are making is appropriate is, of course, the exact moment she decides it isn't. I'm so scared of the power women have over men that I still wake up in a cold sweat every once in a while. I know that the second I try to take matters into my own hands (so to speak) I will be instantly struck with lightning and sent to hell. They control when and where and how we have sex, what else do they want? A police state?

Well, I've finally figured out what they want: mindreaders.

Now relationships have been reduced to some sort of baseball game. You'll be sitting around and she'll come into the room and you'll say, "Hi. What's up?" Suddenly her eyes narrow, and she touches her index finger to the brim of her imaginary baseball cap and strokes it gently while wiping imaginary dirt off her ass with her right hand. She makes a veiled



reference to Bosnia and The Banana Splits and just stares at you. By this elaborate song and dance routine you are supposed to determine that she is really bored with your friends and would like to leave in the next five minutes, go to the nearest food-dispensing facility, get a burger, then return to her house for 45 minutes of foreplay (no less) and 30 minutes of sex (minimum).

And you thought filing your taxes were tough.

Yes, relationships have been reduced to a conversational game where the looser gets to ponder what he said wrong alone and the winner gets to tell her friends how dense her boyfriend really is. My, doesn't that sound like fun? What happened to a caring relationship built on trust and common interests? Out the window, apparently. It has now been given up for this. I've always been a proponent of the, "open communication makes things better," school of thought, but apparently that's out the window too. Now all communication has to be devoid of feelings for the other person or anything that actually expresses what they want directly and has been replaced with some sort of word-association psychological mind-fuck where the only effective sentence structure is vague and confusing. Where do I sign up? I really want that!

Life is always full of hardships and this is definitely going to be the hardest. It would make sense to me that we just learn each other's ways of communicating to each other and go back to the way I used to think things were never actually like, but it's not that easy. Men have a language developed entirely on how to convey messages to other men, and vice versa. It's not really something you can go and learn because it really is gender specific. There's no win-win situation here.

I do have a few suggestions, speaking as a very frustrated guy, that may help make the situation better (hopefully):

1.) If we're gonna have this whole, "You need to give women special advantages because we've been oppressed for so long," thing going on, then they need to give up the control of sex. Fair enough, if you ask me. See, I'd go out of my way and bend over backwards if I knew that I didn't have to do that when trying to get a woman to have sex with me, bottom line.

2.) Let's have workplace competition be based on actual workplace-related stuff and not based on, "Well, she's a woman, give her a raise." True, I've met some hard working women, but I've met some hard working men too and they got passed up for raises when the women who do half that amount of work were made managers. Just because you have tits doesn't make you a better worker (unless you're a topless dancer).

3.) Okay, no one can deny that women have physical "ailments" once a month, and yeah they should get a little space and flexibility around those times of the month. But no one ever gave me a sideways glance when I was thrown out of my house with no where to go. No one asked me if I needed to leave work early when I was evicted and needed to move my stuff that was sitting on the sidewalk in front of my apartment. No one gave me a little distance when my girlfriends stabbed me in the back and emotionally manipulated me into a lump of pissed off flesh. So until I get the same in return, they can learn to lift a box or two on their period.

4.) Put some clothes on. Yeah, we all want to see you naked at one point or another, but when you get free shit because you have a little skin showing it really irks me. You don't see me wearing shorts to get free coffee or a low-cut shirt or get discounts on clothes. There's a time and a place for nakedness, and that time is in my bedroom and not at the mall. You look just as good in a long-sleeve shirt, okay?

5.) The dirty sock pile stays. End of story.

6.) If you're a girl and you like sports a little more than your boyfriend, cut him some slack, okay? He's just a big pussy. There are a lot more of them these days than there used to be. That doesn't mean you have the right to make fun of him in public. You probably don't know shit about music, so just keep your mouth shut.

7.) Once in a while, can't McDonald's count as dinner? We're not made of money, you know?



8.) If you even mention the fact that you need to loose weight you're full of shit so just leave it alone. You're fishing for compliments and you know it. Guys know that trick too when they say their haircuts look dumb, and they don't get any more compliments out of women. You're not fat and if you are uncomfortable about your weight, do something about it. Don't pull that shit.

9.) When we say you look good, we really mean it. Really. We're not making it up. Honest. We'll tell you if you look like shit. Really. I'm not kidding. (Really!)

10.) Once in a while, try to pretend you have some kind of interest in my hobbies, please? It's not too much to ask.

Hopefully this will even things out a bit. I know that in my lifetime things won't change for the better. As long as lite-beer & beef exists, as long as sad movies and chocolate exists, the battle will range across cultures and land and nice guys like me will loose out, bottom line. But I have a dream that, hopefully, someday, someone will actually read one of those nice guys funny dissertations on the subject and see that he actually has some points instead of calling him a sexist asshole, and then maybe we'll see some change somewhere.

Hey, it could happen.



Is This What  
You Really Want  
Out Of Life?

**Try A New  
Angle!**

**index.**



#### Things Men Would Do If They Acted Like Women

- 1.) Three or more men would suddenly look up from what they're doing, look each other in the eye, and leave the room with the explanation, "We need to check on the horses."
- 2.) A man would unexpectedly drop by his partners house with plans for the day and then become annoyed when she is not ready or prepared.
- 3.) Men would randomly change their minds about things & fail to give any insight as to why.
- 4.) Women would be criticized daily about male-oriented comments they make because, "How would you know... you're not a man!"
- 5.) Suddenly, without warning, all women will be considered stupid by men because they don't understand fashion.
- 6.) Men would have lots of "lesbian" friends and would get really mad at their partners for being jealous of them.
- 7.) Every time a man would get upset about something he will indulge in a 12 oz. steak & some lite-beer and cry while watching a football game when his team looses.
- 8.) Men would start support groups for people who have partners who watch that Super-Soap Opera in January.
- 9.) All men would listen to Emo music.
- 10.) Everyone will continue to have dysfunctional relationships with each other because, even if things were different, you can't change the fact that everyone is basically the same in the long run.



2:32 A.M. 1/18/99. Blitzhius.

I got a phone call but it wasn't the one I was waiting for. You called and wanted to do "something." I didn't want to think about the fact that she wasn't gonna call so I said yes. You came by and picked me up, and we were off.

The bar. The mating dance was on, but all I could think about was her. She was supposed to call me, but instead she was here. She even saw me. Not a word. Not one fucking word. You and I sat and talked about how that's all they ever seem to do: never want to talk to you.

We wondered if other people look at us the way we look at other people. It's hard to believe it even if it is true. Hundreds of gorgeous people everywhere and not a single one makes eye contact. Except her, and she won't talk to me.

And you.

I stare at you but I'm afraid. It would be too complicated. Our past, our friends. Everything we've been through. How would we feel afterward? What would happen then? It doesn't stop me from staring though.

It's time to duck out. You and I are hungry. We take off to IHOP. More chit chat. More talk about people who never call. More talk about how desperate for some sort of physical contact we are. More staring at you when I know I shouldn't.

You drive me home to my empty bed. You go home yourself. I beat myself up over all this shit that's going through my head. Next time things will be different. Next time.

1/19/99. 12:42 P.M. Blitzhius.

I need to rest. I need to take a break from all this drinking. I'm waking up tired after six hours. I used to be able to get by fine after six. Now I need aspirin to get through the day. I need some time off to get my shit together. To figure things out in my head.

So I'm at work the other day and this guy wants to know if we carry UFO magazine. Of course we do, so I tell him that and show him where it is. I don't think anything of it and go back to work. Eventually he comes over with a copy and wants to buy it, so I sell it to him. No problems so far. Then he says, "I really like this magazine."

I'm trying to type up some Booksaver stuff at this time, so I say off-handedly, "Yeah, I get it sometimes myself." Big mistake.

This guy takes that as some sort of cue to go off for some time about UFOs. First he says he really likes it when, after reading the magazine, you stare at a wall and space off for a long time, because pretty soon you can see all of the miniature UFOs that fly past your face and stuff. I shit you not! He actually said that. I just kept on nodding and saying, "Yeah."

Then he started talking about some sort of operation you can get that allows you to see all of the invisible UFOs. He was pretty vague about this, but if I understand him right, we all get this operation as babies that prevents us from seeing them, but that we can get it undone, but it's a (you guessed it) govt conspiracy to keep us from seeing them. The other part was that these invisible UFOs take up all space not already being used by other things. Everywhere apparently.

Then he left suddenly. It was so funny I laughed out loud. I told my boss Michael about it and he thought it was awesome. If only this happened more often.

9:40 P.M. Bar.

It's been one of those days that was designed to make me not enjoy myself. Torture and the like. Arug!

These two amazing girls came into the store together. Horn rims, vintage clothes. Fancy jackets. One had a leopard print purse. The other



had a Hello Kitty wallet. My heart practically stopped. So close to these amazing girls and I can never talk to them. Never touch them. Never curl up next to them and enjoy the fact that they are so beautiful.

Everyone I called today was not home. It drives me crazy. Everyday it's the same old thing. I try to create some excitement and it always fizzles out. I think I'm going crazy. Something has got to give sooner or later.

I've developed a strange crush on Sabrina The Teenage Witch. There is definitely something wrong with me.

I was riding the bus home the other day and the Toothbrush Guy was on the bus. He's this harmless crazy guy who always has a toothbrush sticking out of his mouth everywhere he goes. Nice guy, just a little off. The last time I saw him he didn't have a toothbrush. I was kind of worried about him, so I was glad to see him with one this time.

There were these kids on the bus that were hassling him and I was getting really pissed off. The Toothbrush Guy is nice and doesn't bother people that I've seen. And these fucking kids were fucking with him just because he's a little off.

The bus pulled into the Eugene station and The Toothbrush Guy had all these bags of bottles and cans with him, and when the bus stopped these kids all grabbed a can each on the way out. I was so pissed. I helped The Toothbrush Guy with the door and he lumbered after the kids asking for the cans back. They taunted him and took off. The Guy just stood there on the verge of crying.

I was so full of rage. I had these visions of me beating the shit out of those kids to the point where you couldn't recognize them from one another. Then I would put a toothbrush in each of their mouths. I really wanted to do something. But what? Go and tell those kids to return those cans? Get my ass kicked by those same kids? Return to The Toothbrush Guy with a broken nose to find out he doesn't even remember what happened?

Sometimes people can just fuck off. I hate them all. None of them have redeeming qualities that I've seen. They fuck people over to get what they want and never think twice. Fuck off. I hate people.

1/21/99. 4:50 P.M. Blitzhjus.

Meg went off about goths the other day and it was pretty funny. She was making fun of their make-up. "First they start out with black lipstick, but as they get older and they start loosing touch with what it's all about, it gets lighter and lighter. From black to dark purple, dark red, then, eventually, a normal red color. The white face paint is always the last stuff to go." I guess you had to be there, but I thought it was hilarious. It was even more funny to hear her slam goths when Colin (her son) is living with one.

Then she started going off about how people go through weird phases when they're kids that they eventually grow out of. "It took me 30 years to stop acting like a hippy, but I finally cut MY hair." It reminds me of that Simpson's quote: "Don't worry Lisa, I used to believe in things when I was young too."

I don't think so. If people give up what they are and what they believe in for responsibility and security, does that really make what you believed in worth it in the first place? Okay, people dress up in strange clothes and listen to loud music and they do act pretty odd, but behind every social movement are ideals. I don't care how old I get, if I loose touch with my ideals then I don't deserve to be doing anything else.

And another thing, Meg (while I'm on the subject). I think I will still believe in the same things in 30 years that I do now. I will not regret my tatoos. Anyone who gets a tatoo that they end up regretting 30 years later isn't smart enough to be getting tatoos in the first place. Then seem kind of impulse, but I actually think about what I'm gonna get. It may be dumb to you, but 30 years from now I'll have a permanent reminder



of who I was and what I believed in when I got it. I think that, in some ways, it's a lot more meaningful than a lot of the ways people my age try to document their lives now.

1/21/99. 5:24 P.M. Blitzh1us.

Me and Keith spend the whole day together waiting. Phone calls don't come. People flake on us. The TV drives us crazy. Eventually people show up and we drink ourselves into excitement. Fuck it. Life sucks, so we'll just drink until it doesn't anymore. Dork party '99.

"Don't Know What I Am." The Wipers. The Ramen City Kid and I almost died when they played it at Tres Hermanas. That bar seems to exist as a monument to the inner functioning of my brain. I feel so in touch with me when I'm there. Every time I'm there I hear the Wipers. I always freak out. In my brain the Wipers seem to only exist between The Ramen City Kid and I. To hear it outside of our house is so weird. It's like they're playing it just for us.

I first met "kind of" girl there. I've seen so many girls there that are so fucking beautiful. Devo and Old 97's alternate with the Wipers on the stereo. Jon & Justin & myself stick out like sore thumbs because we're the only ones that aren't paired off or have other "friends" there. We watch them like hawks. There's no way in hell they'll talk to us.

Cheap drinks. A place souly devised to torture me every time I'm there. Of course I go there a lot. "I don't know what I am." Duh!

Keith came up with a couple of cool ideas. We were talking about those software programs that write romance novels based on the formulas that romance authors use. He decided he'd write a program that does the same thing for three chord verse-chorus-verse pop-style songs. Music is very mathematical anyway, so it would be really easy. Program in about 100 different drum patterns, what chords sound good after other chords, a random chord pattern generator, and a formula for the lyrics and there you go. Instant pop song. You could even have tours. Break each instrument into four computers with a sequencer hooked up to them and there you go. The sad part is that it would be a huge success. Sigh.

8:01 P.M. Blitzh1us.

The other idea was to program the computers to write Ramones style songs. You could put black wigs on the monitors and have the tour that way instead.

ROCK STAR WARS (Starring Eugene Icons As Luke And Han):

(Note: This is based on a true story, as witnessed by the author. I'm sorry guys, I couldn't help myself. No disrespect.)

It all started simple enough: Steve Perry of the Cherry Poppin' Daddies decided he'll go out for a drink. But he simultaneously shows up at Tres with Jake Varicoaster. Tensions rise.

"What are you doing here?" asks Steve.

"Having a drink you asshole," replies Jake.

Their eyes narrow. The battle begins.

Steve, watching Jake's reaction carefully, walks over to a table where Bruce, the owner of John Henry's, sits with some friends. Words are exchanged. A pat on the back. That sort of thing. Steve stares confidently at Jake. "Let's see him top that," he thinks.

Jake smiles. "Pathetic," he thinks. Jake descends on the bar that's full of girls and greets them all with open arms. After a quick exchange with the bartender, a free beer is presented. He smiles at Steve.

Steve pauses only to laugh. After a quick smile at a girl in one corner, she comes over and produces a Daddies CD and asks for an autograph. Steve signs with a smile and offers to buy her a drink. Round two has begun.

Jake, not to be outdone, nods at the bartender, and the next song on the stereo is the local hit by the Varicoasters, "Eugene, OR." Several people in the bar gasp in excitement and sing along. Jake smiles. They don't have a Daddies CD in the stereo at Tres.

Steve begins to flounder. He decides to raise the stakes a bit. He turns to the girl he bought the drink for and off-handedly mentions the new video he just shot and how their new album is being recorded. Name dropping peppers the exchange. Steve looks up and notices that it's too late. Jake's already shmoozing a bird at the bar.

Steve is furious. He walks over to Jake and grabs his shoulder. "What do you think you're doing? You know full well that without the Daddies your little 'ska' band wouldn't be anything."

Jake steps up to the challenge. "Oh, yes. Your little swing revival thingy. Yesterday's news. Convenient you play swing in the midst of a swing boom in the music industry," Jake says.

"I forgot. Ska is sooo original. I was singing ska when I was 10, okay? Why don't you try a style of music that's only five years out of date instead?" Steve responds.

"Ha! This from the man who things he's playing a show in a '20's speakeasy. Get with the program. We're ska-PUNK. Fuck ska AND swing," Jake counters confidently.

"Oh, yes, ska-punk. As if Op Ivy, the Bosstones, Rancid and 1 million other bands weren't already doing that. You're so lame." Steve snorts and glares oppressively.

"I see," says Jake. "So some cross-bred bullshit version of your 'attempt' at swing hasn't been done by everyone else in the world. Oh, I forgot. My five-year-old brother wanted me to tell you he won't join your band. He says he can't lower his playing ability to your's."

Whatever was said next was lost to the ages, because at that moment the bartender popped in Devo and the patrons went crazy. The sound of the people in the bar singing along and yelling out how cool the bartender was left both Jake & Steve well out of anyone's mind, even the bird at the bar and girl who asked for an autograph.

Jake tried to impress another girl with a joke, but she was busy flirting with the bartender. Steve yelled out, "Drinks on me!" but no one paid him any attention. When you're up against Devo and a bartender who not only plays it but gets you drunk too, there are no other winners. Steve and Jake quietly retreated to Max's where two people recognized them and Steve got a free drink. Jake almost took a girl home until he found out she was underage with a fake I.D.

Pathetic.

1/22/99. 10:00 P.M. Bus Stop.

I could cope with all of this loneliness if I didn't have the cold nights with no money to deal with. Those empty nights spent waiting for phone calls that will never come and friends who never show up. I could get by without those. Even with the nights I'd be okay if I had money. At least then I could go somewhere and look at people who won't talk to me and get drunk.

I got my tax return W-2 whatever form thingy today. I made over \$12,000 last year. Where did all the money go? Ask Mr. Landlord, Mr. Stomach & Mr. Liver. They know. Each month the bills get later and later. Each month more and more checks bounce. I never have the heart to tell the roommates that we are constantly hanging by a thread. That each time I ask them for money it's because I don't have enough to eat if I don't. \$8.00 an hour and I'm still in debt. And I'm a cheapskate. Capitalism blows.

Here I sit outside of a monument to capitalism. A testament to the fact that people are too fucking stupid to know that everything doesn't have to be new and exciting all the time. I'm not one of them, but unlike stupid people I'm always poor. I scrimp and save and worry about bills and work my ass off and I'm always poor. Those fucking idiots blow their cash on whatever is bright and shiny and they hardly work for anything and



stupidly blow everything off, and they get by just fine.  
Capitalism can bite my ass.

1/24/99. 10:12 A.M. Blitzhius. T-160 T-120

Everything seems like a dream. The last few days can't have really happened. Not the way I remember it, at least.

The cycles. Everything comes to a head and it's just horrible. It gets worse and worse and when you think it can't any worse it does. And then the last thing you ever thought would happen does. It's the one thing you always wanted to happen in the back of your head, so of course you never thought it would actually happen.

But it did.

Everything else sucks. Okay, I can handle that (maybe). This new thing could end up like everything else. We'll see. But this weekend was a blur of drunken good times. That helps things come into focus, for at least a little while anyway.

Six hours of sleep in about three days. So fucking tired in a weird blissed out way. Fooo.

# PEOPLE AND MACHINES UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. Outsmart the Weather!

Ye Ol' Contemplative

Editor. Photo by

Austin Rich.





2/6/99. 2:21 A.M. *Blitzhäus.*

"Can't you see / It's a Mystery."

I haven't written very seriously in here for a while now. Mostly repetitive as of late, about how I really like her & I have no clue if she even cares or knows I'm alive. I never concentrate on anything seriously when I've got a girl I'm focusing on. I let everything else go & just think about them. There's always so much more going on.

The night. I hate the night. It's cold & lonely & miserable. I pace around the house when the roomies are asleep & watch people walk by my apartment. They seem so purposeful. They have goals & they're looking to accomplish those goals. I have work the next day, so I stay up late & pass out on the bus ride to & from the mall. Drink coffee @ work, drink beer @ home, fantasize @ both... anything to keep me awake & to keep me from thinking about those cravings for those fucking cigarettes I don't fucking smoke anymore. Anything to keep me from thinking about all the other shit that's going downhill. Pace pace pace. Drink drink drink. Hate hate hate.

My entire house is falling apart & my landlord won't fix anything. Bills are so late it's not even funny anymore (not that it ever was to begin with). Every day I see this cloud of gloom follow me everywhere I go, just like in that one Dilbert cartoon. Everything I put my hands on is doomed to remain unfinished & incomplete or to come back to haunt me & stab me in the back.

Everything sucks in a major way.

It's so hard to find reasons to wake up in the morning. I used to just smoke to fill that void. "Why should I wake up? Well, I guess then I'd be able to smoke..." But now I've quit. It's not good for me. Neither is anything anyone else consumes but I don't see people harassing them to quit the one thing that got them out of bed in the morning. Now I have to sit & wait. Wait for the next disaster. Wait for the next drama. Wait for the next person to kick me in the ribs. Waiting for Godot. Keep pushing that rock. End on end. "Hurry up & wait."

"I'm tired of waiting." So fucking tired.

Sometimes I think my life reads like a story with a series of beginnings & endings. Sometimes the story is short, sometimes long. Sometimes sad, occasionally happy. Every once in a while I can pinpoint exact beginnings & endings that got together & everything in between is definitely a "story". "From this day to this day is definitely a story." But in the end it's another day, really. Another memory to add to all the others that I just push away for you. Whoever you are this time. & when "you" leave, everything is empty. Cleared out because I didn't think ahead. Devoid.

Now what? It's like I have no more feelings anymore. No more opinions. I used them all up on dealing with day to day life, then trying to make room for you. When you brush me off, I'm empty. Nothing. Now what?

Keep going, I guess. Fuck everything else. So what if I don't know how to deal. So what if I don't know what to do with my life anymore. So what if I never get that sign from you (or anyone) that I'm not just clearing myself out for no reason. The sun still keep on rising. You've got to keep going. The story will start again. The winter will end. The cold will go away. Keep pumping in the coffee & the booze & pave over everything else any way you can.

You have to. You have no choice.

Pace pace pace. Drink drink drink. Wait wait wait.

"I'm tired of waiting / waiting for you."

**"IT'S LIKE A**

**BAD DREAM. YOU SEE BITS AND PIECES OF SOMETHING YOU USED TO KNOW."**



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